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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

HARDINSBURG CIRCUIT.
Methodist Episcopal Church (South).—Rev. W. W. Lambert, Pastor. Hardinsburg preaching 4th Sabbath in each month, at 11 o'clock a. m.; and at 7 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m.; Dr. J. M. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.
Oakland.—Preaching every 4th Sabbath at 3 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.
Mt. Zion.—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m.; Dr. J. M. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.
Cave Spring.—Preaching every 1st Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock.
W. Webster.—Preaching every 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at night.
Union Star.—Preaching every 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Richard Cox, Superintendent. Class meetings every 1st and 3d Sabbath. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

CLOVERPORT.

Baptist Church, Rev. A. J. Miller, Pastor.—Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. R. E. Pierce, Superintendent.
Methodist Church (South).—Rev. J. L. Edgington, Pastor.—Preaching the 1st and 3d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbath at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sabbath School every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Preaching at Holt's Bottom the 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at Liberty the 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m.
Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. B. McDonald, Pastor.—Preaching every 3d and 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Jno. A. Murray, Superintendent.
Catholic Church, Rev. T. J. Jenkins, Pastor.—Services the 1st Sabbath in every month.

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VOL. III.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1879.

NO. 32.

The Song.

"SO THE STORY GOES."

"Was once upon a summer day—
So the story goes—
The Franklin's daughter chanced to stray
Where the mill-stream flows.

And as the rustic bridge she crossed—
So the story goes—
Over the rails she stooped and lost
From out her breast a rose.

The stream ran fast, the stream ran strong—
So the story goes—
And on its waters bore along
The careless maiden's rose.

The miller's son stood by the bank—
So the story goes—
He stopped the wheel, and ere it sank,
Caught up the maiden's rose.

Then in his cap he placed the flower—
So the story goes—
And boldly to the maiden's bower
He hid at daylight's close.

"Is this thy flower, sweetheart?" he cried—
So the story goes—
The maiden blushed; the maiden sighed
"Oh, give me back my rose."

"The flowers," he said, "so sweet and fair"—
So the story goes—
"Thy share to part—no breast should bear
Thyself and this red rose."

What more the youth and maiden said,
That summer eve, who knows?
But he kept the flower and won the maid—
So the story goes.

The Story.

The Deacon's Experiment.

"I hope the children haven't been any trouble to you, Miss Peck?" said Deacon Grindler, as his one-horse chaise drew up on the green in front of Miss Philena Peck's house.

Miss Peck hurried out, all smiles, to greet the portly widower.

"The little darlings!" cried she, effusively. "Trouble, indeed! Why, deacon, how you talk! It's a positive pleasure to have 'em here. I should like to keep them a week."

The deacon smiled and shook his head. "That would be a little too much," said he. "Come, children, jump into the wagon."

And the three apple-cheeked little Grinders—two girls and a boy—were kissed, and hugged, and lifted into the wagon by the beaming spinster.

"I shall be so lonely when they are gone," said she. "I do so dote on children! Remember, darlings, that the gooseberries will be ripe next week, and that your own Pecky will be only too happy to see you again."

The widower Clapp came hurrying out, as the chaise rattled by, with a tin pail in her hand.

"Dear me, Deacon Grindler," said she, "you are always in such a hurry. Do stop a minute, can't you? I haven't seen the dear children in an age. Here's a pail of our new honey in the comb. I know the darlings will like it on their bread and butter of an evening. When are they coming to spend the day with me? I declare, Josie is growing a perfect beauty!"

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Clapp!" said the deacon, his face shining all over with satisfaction. "Handsome is that handsome does. That's my motto."

"And nobody can't do handsomer than my little Josie," said Mrs. Clapp. "And there's Tommy grown as never was, and Dolly's the very picture of you, deacon. Do, pray, all of you drop into tea some evening this week."

The deacon had hardly guided his old horse around the corner of the village green when Miss Barbara Bowyer tripped out of the millinery store.

"I do hope you'll excuse me, Deacon Grindler," said she, with all the pretty confusion which naturally belongs to a maiden of sixteen-and-thirty summers, "but I was so edified with your beautiful remarks in prayer-meeting, Monday night, that I could not help setting myself to work to think what I could do for you. And here's a collar I've stitched for dear Tommy, and a handkerchief I've embroidered for Josie, and a doll as I've took the liberty to dress for Dorothy. Oh, don't thank me, pray. It ain't nothin', compared with the peace of mind I got, a-listenin' to your precious remarks!"

But Naomi Poole, sitting at her needle-work, by the old red farm-house window, had only a smile and a nod for the party as they drove by.

"Pa," said Josie, who was a shrewd, salt-faced child of eleven, "don't Miss Poole love us as well as Miss Peck, and Mrs. Clapp, and Miss Barbara Bowyer?"

"I hope so, my child," said the benign deacon. "Why do you ask the question?"

"Because she never gives us any thing," said Josie.

"She is poor, child—she is poor," said the deacon. "But I am sure you all have her good wishes."

"I'd rather have money," said Tommy. "And gooseberries and dolls," added little Dorothy.

But when the deacon sat alone by his hearth-stone, that evening, his sister, Miss Mahala Ann Grindler, expressed herself on the subject with great plainness and perspicacity.

"If you've really made up your mind to marry again, Joshua—" said she.

"I think it would add to my domestic felicity," said the deacon, serenely.

"In that case," said Miss Mahala Ann, "I do hope you'll make a sensible choice, and not allow yourself to be imposed upon by a pack of selfish widows and scheming old maids."

"Sister," said the deacon, mildly, "you are severe!"

"No, I ain't," said Miss Mahala Ann. "If you want a wife-to-be in the world, and had a nice home, and a farm, and money out at interest, they wouldn't, none of 'em, look twice at you."

"Don't you think so?" said the deacon.

The Song.

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The next day, the deacon made his appearance at Miss Peck's homestead, pale and rather shabby, with a child in each hand, and one following him.

"Miss Peck," said he, "I suppose you have heard the news?"

"Yes," said Miss Peck, looking vinegar and tack-nails. "If it's your failure, as you mean!"

"I think of going to California," said the deacon, "to see what I can do, and if, in the meantime, you could be induced to give my children a home—"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Miss Peck. "I never could get along with a pack of children! I dare say you could find some half-orphan asylum, or place of that sort, by inquiring around a little."

Miss Peck sat so very upright, and glared so fearfully on her light-blue eyes at the deacon, that he was fain to beat as rapid a retreat as possible.

He knocked next at the widow Clapp's door. A slipshod servant-maid opened it.

"Is Mrs. Clapp at home?" he asked.

A head was thrust over the stair-railing, and the widow's shrill voice cried out:

"Is that Joshua Grindler, with his swarm of young ones? Tell him I'm particular engaged. Do you hear, Betsy?"

Miss Barbara Bowyer was arranging trimmed hats and rolls of bright-colored ribbons in her bow-window as the deacon and his little ones entered the shop.

"Miss Bowyer," said the deacon, "you were ever a genial and charitable soul. It is to you that I trust to make a home for my motherless little ones, while I endeavor to retrieve my fortunes in the Far West."

"I couldn't think of such a thing!" said Miss Barbara, dropping a box of artificial rose-buds in her consternation. "And I really think, Deacon Grindler, you haven't no business to expect it of me! It's all I can do to support myself, let alone a pack of unruly children! I dare say the poor-master could do something for 'em, or—"

"I thank you," said the deacon, with dignity. "I shall trouble neither you nor him."

"Well," said Miss Bowyer, with a toss of her head, "you needn't fly into a rage because a neighbor offers you a bit of good advice."

But Naomi Pool ran out to the little garden-gate, as the forlorn deacon went by. "Deacon Grindler," he hesitated, he, turning rose-red and white by turns, "is this true?"

"About my Mariposa investments? Yes," said he. "And that you are going to California?"

"I am talking of it," said the deacon. "Would—could you let me take care of the little ones while you are gone?" said Naomi, tenderly drawing little Dolly to her side. "I am very fond of children, and I would take the best of care of them. And you have been so kind to my mother and me, Deacon Grindler, that we should feel it a privilege to be able to do something for you."

And poor soft-hearted little Naomi burst out crying.

There was a moisture on the deacon's eyelashes, too.

"Good bless you, Naomi!" said he. "You're a good girl—a very good girl!"

"Ain't it true?" said Miss Philena Peck. "Well, he did lose what he invested in those Mariposa mines, but it was only a thousand dollars, and the rest of his money's all right and safe in United States bonds, and solid real estate."

"Bless me!" said Barbara Bowyer.

"Well, I never!" said the widow Clapp, with a discomfited countenance.

"And," went on Mrs. Moseley, with evident relish in the consternation she was causing, "they are building a new wing to the house, and he is to be married to Naomi Pool in the fall."

"A child like that!" said Mrs. Clapp.

"With no experience whatever!" said Barbara Bowyer, scornfully.

"I only hope he won't repent of his bargain," sighed Miss Philena Peck.

And Miss Philena's charitable hopes were fulfilled. The deacon never did repeat of his bargain.

A RICHMOND (Va.) letter reports the following remarkable case: A remarkable case of a lady eighty-five years old here is attracting the attention of the medical men and the accouchers of this city and surrounding country. It is said to be the most remarkable case on record, and I am told without a precedent. The husband of the lady who is attracting so much attention is about the same age as herself. They have four or five children, all of whom are grown, and the youngest possibly forty or fifty years old.

Fashion Bazar.

Boas are much worn by young girls.

The newest bonnets are exceedingly large. Turn-over collars are no longer fashionable.

Oriental designs for jewelry are still popular.

Mantel linings are made of macramé lace.

Short saques are worn only by young girls.

Pearl ornaments for the hair are very fashionable.

Preserved butterflies are introduced into floral designs.

Cassanques, or long saques, are preferred to wrappers this season.

Dress skirts fit closely over the hips, the only fashion being at the back.

Metal buttons are all the style for trimming all kinds of dresses and jackets.

Crinoline of small proportions is beginning to make its appearance in Paris.

Plain velvet skirts, short and round, without a single flounce, are very popular.

Fur trimming is used for nearly every thing. Even bonnets are faced with it.

Ribbons and flowers are used in abundance for the garniture of evening dresses.

A gilded horse-shoe, beautifully painted, is exceedingly popular as a parlor ornament.

Muffs of the dress material or of its trimmings are made by modistes to match costumes.

A novelty in beautiful ribbons is of plain gros grain, with flowers marked with gold thread.

An unique bonnet is made in the shape of a Persian turban, of blue satin and silk, with blue silk tassels at the end of the piece that falls over the back.

There is an effort to do away with basque bodices for young ladies, and to revive the pointed bodices of a few years ago, and also the short, round Josephine bodice, with or without a very wide belt. The round bodice is called First Empire corsage.

The newest hats for young girls in their teens, are of felt, high crowned, with square tops, trimmed with three rows of inch-wide ribbon in bands placed quite far apart around the crown. The brims roll in Derby shape. Other felt hats have a scarf of brown or navy blue satin with white polka dots.

The Housewife

Clean a brass kettle, before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The best black ink mixed with the whites of eggs makes a good stove polish.

Common shoe-blackening mixed with castor-oil makes a good dressing for ladies' shoes.

Lamps will have a less disagreeable smell if you dip your wick-yarn in strong hot vinegar, and dry it.

Kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

Blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions, and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bed bug remedy.

Woolens should be washed in very hot suds and not rinsed. Lukewarm water shrinks them. Never iron flannels.

To prevent meat from burning, set a cup of water in the oven while baking. It will prevent meats or bread from burning.

To utilize frozen apples, place them while frozen in a covered dish with a little sugar and water, and cook slowly until done.

CEMENT FOR CHINA.—Make a thick solution of gum arabic and thicken to right consistency with plaster paris; heat edges of dishes and apply evenly; tie fast together, and let stand till cold, say twenty-four hours, and they can not be broken or pulled apart.

FIRE-PROOF CEMENT.—Mix a handful of quicklime in four ounces linseed oil; boil to a good thickness; spread on plates in the shade and it will become hard, but can be easily melted by setting on the stove, and then used as common glue; will resist fire.

You can get oil out of any carpet or woollen stuff by applying dry buckwheat flour plentifully. Never put water to such a greasy spot, or any kind of any kind.

It is a common practice of cooks, and of ten of those who are called good housekeepers, to sprinkle salt over meat when just ready to put over the fire. Now, to salt any meat before it is well heated through—or, better still, half cooked—will injure very materially the best ever sold in market, and certainly quite spoil a poor article, no matter whether it is steak, roast, or stew. It will harden the fibers, toughen the meat all through, extract the best part of the juice, make it very injurious to the stomach, and give no pleasure to the palate.

MIXED LOAF CAKE.—One cup and a half of sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda.

AKENT MILLY'S CUP CAKE.—Four cups of flour, four eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of cream tartar.

ROAST POULTRY.—The Germans extirpate rats by furnishing them with cakes made of two parts squills and three parts chopped bacon, and meat enough to make a stiff mass. The rats go away, as any animal of taste naturally would if provided with such a meal.

An experienced housekeeper says the best thing for cleaning tinware is common soda. She gives the following directions: Dampen a cloth and dip in soda and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry. Any blackened ware can be made to look as well as new.

Home Doctor.

In case of lock-jaw, and no physician is about, take homemade soft soap, diluted in a very little water, and rub upon the parts affected. It is said to be a sure cure.

GENUINE CORNS.—One measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpetre, and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of an old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn and apply to the part affected; bind on, and leave for two or three days and then remove, and the corn will come with it. But if you will wear boots that are long enough you will not be troubled with corns.

An infallible toothache remedy is made of an ounce of alcohol, two drachms cayenne pepper, one ounce kerosene oil. Mix and let stand twenty-four hours. Keep tightly corked to prevent evaporation. This is almost an instantaneous cure.

Carbonate of soda, wet and applied externally to the bite of a spider, or any venomous creature, will neutralize the poisonous effect almost instantly. It acts like a charm in case of a snake bite.

Sick headache is the result of eating too much and exerting too little. Nine times out of ten the cause is in the fact that the stomach was not able to digest the food last introduced into it, either from its having been unsuitable or excessive in quantity. A diet of bread and butter, with ripe fruits or berries, with moderate, continuous exercise in the open air, sufficient to keep up a gentle perspiration, would cure almost every case in a short time. Two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in half a glass of water and drank, generally gives instant relief. We are inclined to think that the above remedies may do in some, but not in all cases. A sovereign remedy for this disease is not easily found. A correspondent from Connecticut contributes the following on this subject: Sick headache is periodical, and is the signal of distress which the stomach puts up to inform us that there is an over-alkaline condition of its fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of headache appear, take a teaspoonful of lemon juice clear, fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime; follow this up until all symptoms are passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be able to go free from your unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this because the remedy is too simple, but I have made many cures in this way.

COOKING HINTS.

Lard for pastry should be used as hard as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, not rubbed.

STALE BREAK.—It should be broken up, dried slowly in the oven, then grated or pounded in a mortar to coarse powder and kept in wide-mouthed bottles, well corked. It will keep a long time in a dry place, and is useful for every dinner in the week, in one way or another, for breading chops, cutlets, and the like.

INDIAN LOAF.—Take one pint of sour milk, a half pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of molasses, a half teaspoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of salt, three eggs, one pint of wheat flour, one quart of yellow Indian meal; bake in a deep tin basin, in an oven of same heat as for cake, for